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SET RIGHT.
She Was Under a Misapprehension, but Her Fears Were Stilled.
"See here, sir," she said, as she entered a sewing machine office the other day, "your agent has imposed upon me."
"Is it possible, ma'am? in what respect?"
"Yes, sir; he has lied to me, and I don't want your machine."
"How has he deceived you?"
"Why, he came into my house and told me that your machine was the best in the world. Told it right before witnesses, and I can prove every word of it."
"But that was not deceiving you, ma'am."
"Yes, it was! I hadn't the machine two days before another agent called and said his was the best, and he had a circular to back it up. He had hardly got out doors when another called and said his machine had taken ten medals."
"But we have taken fifteen, ma'am."
"Oh, have you?"
"And are sure to get the premium at the next World's fair."
"Indeed!"
"And we have issued a challenge for a public trial, which no other machine dare accept."
"Is that so? Then your machine is the best after all!"
"Certainly."
"Then you will please excuse me. I thought I had been imposed upon, and I guess I was a little hasty. The other agents must have been the liars."—Detroit Free Press.

Objected to the Dog.
Lordly Brakeman—Madam, you'll have to put that dog in the baggage car. It can't ride in here.
Lady—It's down on the floor, where it will not disturb anybody.
"It can't ride in this car, ma'am, I tell you. You'll have to carry it into the next car."
"I would rather not carry it."
"Then you can lead it there, can't you?"
"I don't think I can lead it."
"What's the matter with your driving it there?"
"I don't believe I can drive it, either."
"Well, I can, madam. I'm going to drive it out of the car, anyhow."
[Kicks the dog violently. It proves to be a coat iron dog.]—Chicago Tribune.

Effect of a Thaw.

The workman and the dynamite cartridge.

Coincidences.
First Stranger (on railway train)—So you are selling Professor Blank's new book, are you? Strange coincidence! I am Professor Blank.
Second Stranger—That so? Then you wrote the very book I am agent for?
"Yes. The hardest work I ever did was writing that book."
"Well, well! That's another strange coincidence. The hardest work I ever did was trying to sell it."—New York Weekly.

Waiting All Bound.
"Are you being waited on?" asked the floor walker, politely, after the man had been standing at the counter for about three hours.
"No, but I'm only waiting for my wife."
"The ladies will delay when they go shopping."
"Oh, she's done shopping hours ago; I think she's waiting for her change."—Philadelphia Times.

To Be Expected.
The conversation turned on blind people who had been cured after long years of darkness.
"Well," volunteered Jones, "I once had an aunt who remained sightless until the advanced age of 77."
"And then?" asked some one.
"Why, then she died," replied Jones simply.—Judge.

A Natural Indignation.
Miss Ophelia—What queer weather we are having this winter.
Gongoslin—Yes, but if you remember, Miss Ophelia, the winter of 1850 was very much like this.
Miss Ophelia (who is "just twenty")—Sir!!!—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

His Bill Was Not Due.
Jeweler—You said, Knowles, when I sold you that watch, that you would pay me in two weeks. It is now over a month since I sold it to you.
Knowles—Not by the watch; it loses a half day each day.—Jewelers' Circular.

Too Many Negatives.
"No, Mr. Van Dusen," said the proud young Boston beauty, as she flashed her glorious orbs upon him, "I shall never allow no man to hug me."
And Mr. Van Dusen promptly folded her to his arms.—Life.

His Touch.
"Did Binks ever tell you the story of his troubles? They make a very touching narrative."
"Yes, he has. He touched me for seventy-five cents."—Washington Star.

They Liked It.
A little girl I know is much given to asking questions. Every one she sees is vigorously plied with her little interrogation points.
One day her mother exclaimed in despair: "Oh, child, you mustn't ask so many questions. You will tire everybody all out."
"Oh, no, mamma," with the ingenuousness of childhood, "folks like it. There was a man out there just now wanted to know if I hadn't some more questions to ask."—Harper's Young People.

Very Proper.

Genevieve (the knowing)—Did he ever press you to marry him?
Laura (the innocent)—Oh, dear, no! I shouldn't permit him to until we were engaged.—Munsey's Weekly.

A False Alarm.
A red haired 10-year-old boy, who was almost out of breath from running, entered a Fourteenth street drug store the other day and said to the clerk:
"If a feller—if a feller about as big as you are, and who has got ear lapps on, but no mittens, comes a-whoopin' in here and—"
"But no one will come a-whoopin' in here," interrupted the clerk.
"Yes, they will, and he'll be all out of wind and his eyes will stick out, and he'll ask you if a feller with red hair and a wart on his cheek has bin in here."
"Well, what if he does?"
"You'll tell him he has, 'cause it's the truth, and that I said we didn't need an anecdote, 'cause it was all right."
"What is all right?"
"Why, we had some baking powder in the house, and some Rough on Hats, and ma went to make some biscuit, and she thought she got hold of the wrong box, and was so skeered she fainted away. Dad runs for a doctor, and I run for an anecdote, and Bill run for a policeman, but it all turned out right. There wasn't any mix."
"Well, Bill's cantering up and down and don't know it, and if he comes in here you tell him we ain't got to have no funeral. It is all right. When ma come to she remembered that she put the baking powder into an old shaving mug, and the pizen into the new can, and nobody nor nothing need be skeered. That's all, and you tell Bill he needn't price no mourning goods, 'cause everything is all O. K. and the goose hangs high."—New York Sun.

He Wanted to See Her.
[A Drama in Three Acts.]
ACT I—MONDAY.
Jones (a bore)—Is Miss Smith in?
Servant (instructed by Miss Smith)—No, sir, she's out.
ACT II—TUESDAY.
Jones—Can I see Miss Smith?
Servant (instructed)—She's sick, and wishes to be excused.
ACT III—WEDNESDAY.
Jones—How is Miss Smith today?
Servant (instructed)—She says she's dead.
Jones—How sad! Can I see the remains?
—Puck.

He Knew Better.
"I am not a superstitious man," said Jangles, "not by any means, but there's no use in anybody's telling me that it ain't bad luck to break a looking glass."
"Why, have you had any experience?"
"Yes; I broke a looking glass day before yesterday. The hired girl left as soon as she found it out, my mother-in-law has the hysterics and my wife is sick in bed from overwork and excitement."—Washington Post.

For Instance.
"Father, what is a luxury?" asked little Johnny the other night.
"A luxury? Why, it's something we don't really need, you know—a thing we can do without."
"Well, then," replied the logical youth, "what a luxury a mosquito net must be in winter?"—Rochester Talisman.

The Young Idea Shoots Wide.
"Why, Johnny, your sums are all wrong. Don't you know that if you subtract something from something, something less than the something something is subtracted from will remain?"
"How about subtracting one apple from one plate? It leaves just as much plate."
—Harper's Young People.

He Had It.
Mrs. Greyneck—Johnny, have you got your Sunday school lesson?
Johnny—Oh, yes'm!
Mrs. Greyneck—What is it?
Johnny—Oh, I don't know what it is, but I've got it in my pocket.—Boston Courier.

Proof of It.
"Buy a pair of eyeglasses from me, sir," asked the peddler, "finer or more lasting wares you won't find in the city. I have been fired three times today out of second story windows and not a single glass is broken."—Flagg's Blatter.

"Variety Is the Spice of Life."
Hoffy (at the club window)—Haw! Bah Jove, I'm tired of stahnding at the window looking out this way.
Rocky (wearily)—Aw! so am I. Let's crows to the window yondah, and look out some othah way!—Puck.

Comparing Notes.
"Did you hear that new play at the Thes pian last night?"
"No, I saw it. Theatre party. Did you see the new play at the Historionic?"
"No, I heard it. Hat."—Chicago Tribune.

Piscatorial Item.
"My boy," said the good deacon reprovingly, "do you know where little boys go who go fishing on Sunday?"
"Well, most of 'em goes to de lake. Dat's de best place."—Texas Sittings.

HYMN TO WASHINGTON.

COMPOSED FOR THE CENTENNIAL OF WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO OR QUARTET, THE AUDIENCE JOINING IN THE REFRAIN.

By S. G. PRATT,
Author of "Zenobia," etc.

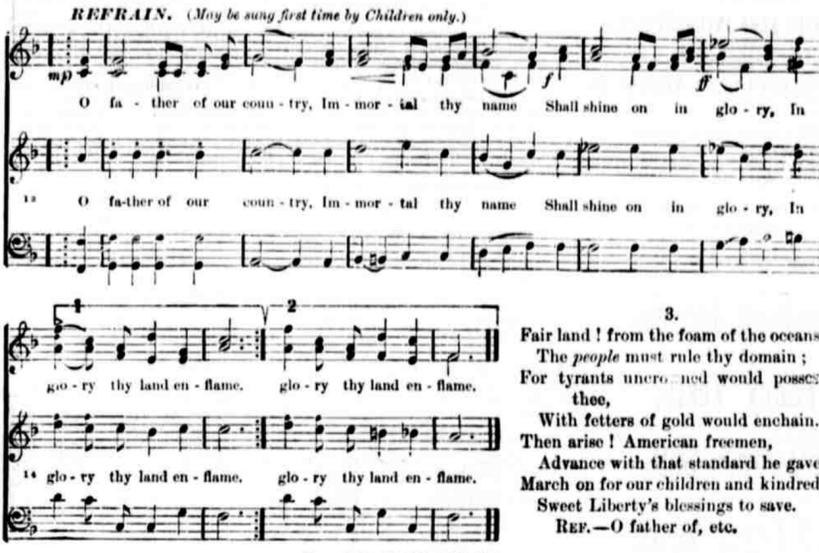
In Majestic March Time.



1. Thy coun - try has ris - en in grand - eur, Far be - yond all thy hopes and thy dreams! The
TENOR Thy spir - it has breath'd in a Lin - coln, With char - i - ty's smile on his face, And

2. As might - y and vast as the na - tion, No East, West, North or South we hail, But
We'll march in the spir - it of Wash - ing - ton, With Lin - coln, the mar - tyr, and Grant, We'll

REFRAIN. (May be sung first time by Children only.)



O fa - ther of our coun - try, Im - mor - tal thy name Shall shine on in glo - ry, In

O fa - ther of our coun - try, Im - mor - tal thy name Shall shine on in glo - ry, In

3. Fair land! from the foam of the oceans!
The people must rule thy domain;
For tyrants unmerciful would possess thee,
With fetters of gold would enchain.
Then arise! American freemen,
Advance with that standard he gave,
March on for our children and kindred,
Sweet Liberty's blessings to save.
REF.—O father of, etc.

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